WILD WISHES.

BY ETHEL M. HEWITT.

I wish, because the sweetness of your passing
Makes all the earth a garden where you tread,
That I might be the meanest of your roses,
To pave your path with petals passion-

the softness of your
te jasmine at your window
e the fragrance of a flower,
night breeze with your dear-

I wish, because the glory of your dreaming
Strews all the field of heaven with throbbing stars,
That I might storm the portals of your slumber,
And soar with you beyond night's golden bars!

I wish to be the day you die, Beloved,
Though at its close my foolish heart must break!
But most of all, I wish, my dearest darling,
To be the Blessed Morning when you wake!

—From Harper's Magazine.

A Bohemian Bonanza.

Schaunard and Marcel, who had been at work since morning, suddenly stopped.

"Gods! I'm hungry," said Schaunard, and he added, carelessly, "don't we breakfast some time to-day?"

Marcel showed great astonishment at this question. "Since when have we breakfasted two days in succession?" said he. "Yesterday was Thursday," and he finished his response by designating with his maulstick that commandment of the church which refers to meat on Friday.

Schaunard found nothing to say to that, and set to work again at his picture, which represented a plain on which a red tree and a blue tree were clasping branches—being a transparent allusion to the charms of friendship from a very philosophical standpoint.

Just then the porter knocked at the door. He brought a letter to Marcel.

"Three sous to collect," said he.

"Are you sure?" replied the artist. "All right, we will owe them to you;" and he shut the door in his face.

Marcel took the letter and broke the seal. At the first words, he put himself to capering about the studio in an acrobatic dance, singing, at the top of his voice, a popular students' song of the day, which indicated with him the very apex of joy.

"Look here," said Schaunard, feeling already symptoms of mental alienation, "if you don't dry up I'll play the allegro of my symphony on the influence of blue in the arts;" and he went on to the piano.

This threat produced the effect of a drop of cold water falling into a boiling liquid, calming Marcel as by enchantment.

"Read that!" said he, passing the letter to his friend.

It was an invitation to dinner from a deputy—patrons of the art in general, and of Marcel in particular, who had painted the portrait of his coun-

-day," said Schaunard.
that the ticket isn't
But, come to think
puty supports the min-
an't, you ought not, to
accept. ... r principles forbid you eating bread soaked in the sweat of the people."

"Bah!" said Marcel; "my deputy belongs to the left centre, and voted against the government the other day. Besides, he is going to give me an order, and has promised to introduce me in society. And then, you see, it is Friday; and I am hungry enough to eat a raw dog, and I must dine."

"There are yet other obstacles," replied Schaunard, a little jealous of the good fortune which had befallen his friend. "You can't go to a swell dinner in a red blouse and a longshoreman's hat."

"I will borrow some clothes from Rodolphe or Colline."

"Bah! Have you forgotten that we have passed the twentieth of the month, and that at that epoch the clothes of those gentlemen are spouted?"

"I will, at least, find a black coat somewhere about here by five o'clock," said Marcel.

"It took me three weeks to find one when I went to my cousin's wedding; and that was early in January."

"Well, I will go as I am," replied Marcel, striding across the room. "It shall never be said that a miserable question of etiquette prevented my taking my first step in society."

"Good," said Schaunard, taking much pleasure in the chagrin of his friend; "but what about the boots?"

Marcel went out in a state of agitation impossible to describe. Toward two o'clock he returned, loaded down with a paper collar.

"That is all I can find," said he, piteously.

"It was hardly worth while running about for that," responded Schaunard. "We have paper enough here to make a dozen collars."

"The devil!" said Marcel, tearing his hair; "we ought to have some effects between us," and he commenced a long research in all the corners of the two chambers. After an hour's hunting, he realized a costume composed as follows:

One pair of plaid trousers.
One gray hat.
One red cravat.
One glove, originally white.
One black glove.

"That will make two black gloves ... Schaunard. "But ... d you will look ... um. But what ... lorist."

... tried the boots. ... y were both for the same foot. The despairing artist then spied in a corner an old boot in which they put their brushes, and possessed himself of it.

"Like Garrick in 'Syllabe,'" said his ironical companion. "This one is pointed, and the other is square."

"Nobody will notice that. I will varnish them."

"Good enough! All you want now is the regulation black coat."

There came another knock at the door. Marcel opened it.

"Monsieur Schaunard?" said a stranger, standing on the threshold.

"That's me," said the painter, begging him to enter.

"Monsieur," said the unknown, bearer of one of those honest faces which are the type of the countryman, "my cousin has talked a great deal of your talent for painting portraits, and being about to make a voyage to the colonies, where I am delegated by the sugar-refiners of the city of Nantes, I wish to leave a remembrance of myself with my family. That is why I have come to find you."

"Holy providence!" murmured Schaunard. "Marcel, give a chair to Monsieur——"

"Blancheron," replied the stranger; "Blancheron of Nantes, delegate of the sugar industry, former mayor of V——, captain the National Guard and author of a pamphlet on the sugar question."

"I am very much honored to have been selected by you," said the artist, inclining himself before the delegate, of the refiners. "How do you wish to have your portrait?"

"In miniature, like that," replied Monsieur Blancheron, indicating a portrait in oils; because, for the delegate, as for many others, that which is not a house-painting is miniature; there is nothing between.

"Yes, monsieur, I can boast of that. Horrors!" murmured he to himself, "I am denying my gods."

"That is worth mentioning, young man," replied the delegate, in putting on the dressing-gown which had such a noble origin.

"Hang the gentleman's coat in the wardrobe," said Schaunard to his friend, with a significant wink.

"I say," murmured Marcel, in leaping into his prey, and designating Blancheron, "some style about him. If we could only keep a little of him."

"I will try; but dress quickly and run. Get back here by ten o'clock, and I'll keep him till then. And don't you forget to bring me something in your pocket."

"I will bring a pineapple," said Marcel, going out.

He dressed himself hurriedly. The coat fitted like a glove, and he went out by the other door.

Schaunard put himself to work. As it grew dark, Monsieur Blancheron heard six o'clock strike, and remembered that he had not dined. He so remarked to the painter.

"I am in the same fix; but to oblige you I will let it go to-night, although I was invited to dine in the Faubourg Saint-Germain," said Schaunard. "But we can't disturb ourselves; that would compromise the resemblance."

He turned to his work.

"However," said he, carelessly, "we could dine here without disturbing ourselves. There is an excelent restaurant down stairs, and they could send up whatever we wanted." And Schaunard waited the effect of his trio of plurals.

"An excellent idea," said Monsieur Blancheron; "and, in return for the suggestion, would you do me the honor of keeping me company at table?"

Schaunard bowed.

"Hurrah!" said he to himself, "this is a man worth knowing; a veritable envoy of providence. Will you select the bill of fare?" he asked.

"You will oblige me by doing it yourself," said Blancheron.

Philosophers vs. Oysters.

A LITERARY philosopher once said that an oyster never made a mistake. There was greater profundity in this aphorism than would appear at first glance.

Making mistakes is a sign of life and activity. The man who never does anything worth while is immune from the danger of perpetrating minor errors, but, what is a great deal worse, his entire career is one great big mistake.

Men who accomplish great deeds have small heed for the little errors. It is only the man of circumscribed vision, of limited capacity, of narrow views, who ponders long and deeply over each minor step in his affairs.

Successful men are those who are willing to make one mistake that they may accomplish nine things "worth while" who are willing to lose one battle that they may achieve nine victories. And right here is a moral for advertisers.

Take any advertisement in any newspaper any day and present it for criticism to any ten or twenty people. Nearly every one will point out its deficiencies or show where, in their belief, it can be improved.

Yet the advertisement produces results—it tells its story. Its main good overcomes its small defects. The advertiser who plans his campaign and copy intelligently, puts vigor and force into what he does, and keeps "everlastingly at it," is the usual winner in the race for success.

If he should stumble in his judgment, or trip over an occasional obstacle, he does not let that alter his course, but keeps right on toward the goal with undiminished vigor and speed. Now you, Mr. Merchant or Manufacturer, take this home to yourself. Don't be afraid to make a mistake in advertising.

Realize that the biggest mistake you can make is not to advertise at all.

This simplicity gave Schaunard the measure of the man; above all, when he added that he desired his portrait painted with the finest colors.

"I never use any others," said Schaunard. "How large would monsieur like his portrait?"

"As big as that," replied Monsieur Blancheron, designating a canvas. "But how high does that come?"

"From fifty to sixty francs; fifty without the hands, sixty with——"

"The devil! my cousin talked about thirty."

"That is according to the season," said the painter; "the colors are higher at different seasons of the year."

"What, just like sugar?"

"Exactly."

"Go ahead, then, for fifty francs."

"You're wrong; for ten francs more, I would put in the hands, in which I would place your pamphlet on the sugar question, which would be flattering."

"B'gosh, you are right."

"Ye gods!" said Schaunard to himself, "if he continues I shall explode, and wound him with the pieces."

"Have you remarked?" hissed Marcel in his ear.

"What?"

"He has on a black coat."

"I understand, and I have your idea. Leave me alone."

"Well, Monsieur," said the delegate, "when shall we commence? It must not be delayed, for I sail shortly."

"I have a little journey to make myself; I leave Paris day after tomorrow, so, if you like, we will commence at once. A good sitting will advance the work."

"But it will soon be dark, and you can't paint by candle-light," said Monsieur Blancheron.

"My studio is so arranged that I can work at all hours," replied the painter; "so, if you will take off your coat, and assume the pose, we will commence."

"What do you want me to take off my coat for?"

"Didn't you say you wanted this portrait for your family?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you ought to be represented in your home costume, in your dressing-gown. Besides, that is the custom."

"But I have no dressing-gown with me."

"But I have. The case is forseen," said Schaunard, presenting to his model a ragged jacket, historic with paint stains, which made the honest countryman hesitate at first.

"That is a very singular garment," said he.

"And very precious," responded the painter. "A Turkish vizier presented it to Horace Vernet, who gave it to me. I am a pupil of his."

"You are a pupil of Vernet?" said Blancheron.

"You will repent of it, Nicolas," sung the painter, as he descended the stairs, four at a time.

He entered the restaurant, stood up at the counter, and dictated a bill of fare which made the Vatel of the shop turn pale.

"Some ordinary Bordeaux."

"Who is going to pay?"

"Not I, probably," said Schaunard, "but an uncle of mine, whom you will see up stairs—a great epicure. So try to distinguish yourself. And we will be served in half an hour, and in porcelain—do you understand?"

At eight o'clock Monsieur Blancheron felt the desire to pour into the bosom of a friend his ideas on the sugar question, and recited to Schaunard the pamphlet which he had written.

Schaunard accompanied him on the piano.

At ten o'clock, Monsieur Blancheron and his friend danced a galop, and called each other endearing names.

At eleven o'clock, they swore never to part, and made their wills, each leaving the other his fortune.

At midnight, Marcel returned, and found them in each other's arms, dissolved in tears. There was already half an inch of water in the studio. Marcel ran against the table, and saw the splendid debris of a superb repast. He examined the bottles; they were perfectly empty.

He tried to awaken Schaunard, but he threatened to kill him if he should take from him Monsieur Blancheron, of whom he had made a pillow.

"Ingrate!" said Marcel, pulling out of his pocket a handful of nuts; "this to one who has brought you your dinner." — From the French of Henri Murger, translated for the Argonaut.

A Cool Gamester.

"Lady," said the hobo, "de greatest pleasure dat I could find in life would be to chop some wood for you—"

"I don't want any wood chopped."

"Or carry some water from de spring—"

"I've got a well right at the kitchen door."

"Or shoo de cows in from de pasture—"

"I haven't any cows. We buy our milk."

"Well, lady, I've made three guesses about what I could do to help you along. Now it's your turn. An' I don't mind givin' you a small hint dat victuals an' clothes'll be purty near de answer. It's a nice game, lady, an' I t'ink you're goin' to be lucky."—New York Times.

The "Place-makers' Bible" is so called from a typographical error which makes Matt. 5:9 read: "Blessed are the place-makers" instead of peacemakers.

NO TIME FOR FARMING.

Preparing For Those Census Questions.

—Cartoon by G. Williams, in the Indianapolis News.

Tuberculosis Killed 78,289 Persons in 1908

Death Rate Declines in All Registration States Except Three---Nine Causes Are Most Frequent---30.9 Deaths Out of Every 100 Occupied Males Between 25 and 34 Due to Tuberculosis.

Washington, D. C. — Health Department returns show the total number of deaths from all forms of tuberculosis returned in 1908 was 78,289, exceeding those of any previous year of registration, but the death rate per 100,000 for 1908 is less than that for 1907. In all registration States the deaths from tuberculosis showed a decline except in Colorado, Rhode Island and Vermont.

Each of the following causes of death was responsible for at least 5000 deaths of male breadwinners during the year: Typhoid fever, tuberculosis of lungs, cancer, apoplexy and paralysis, heart disease, pneumonia, Bright's disease, suicide and accident. The total number of deaths of occupied persons from these causes was, for males, 138,259, and for females, 17,434. Of the deaths of occupied males, 29,433, or 15 per cent., were due to tuberculosis of the lungs, and of the occupied females, 5511, or 21 per cent., were due to the same cause.

In the registration area of the United States during the year 1908, 30.9 deaths out of every 100 deaths of occupied males who died between the ages of 25 and 34 years were caused by tuberculosis of the lungs, or nearly one death out of every three. During the same age period 41.9 per cent. of the bookkeepers, clerks and copyists, 40.1 per cent. of the barbers and hairdressers, 40.9 per cent. of the servants, 44.1 per cent. of the boot and shoe makers, 49.2 per cent. of the compositors, printers and pressmen, 41.2 per cent. of the tailors and 25.6 per cent. of the farmers who died in the registration area during 1908 were victims of pulmonary tuberculosis.

Among the principal causes of death were the following, with their rates per 100,000 of population, for 1908 and 1907:

	1908.	1907.
Tuberculosis (all forms)	173.9	183.6
Pneumonia (all forms)	136	161.2
Heart disease	133.3	141.7
Diarrhoea and enteritis	116	116.7
Bright's disease	87.1	94.6
Cancer	74.3	73.1
Typhoid fever	25.3	30.3
Diphtheria and croup	22.3	24.3

The number of deaths from all forms of pneumonia returned for 1908 was 61,259, a decrease of more than 6000 from the number for 1907 (67,320), despite the increase in the registration area. The death rate from pneumonia was lower for 1908 than for any other of the past five years.

The crude death rates from cancer continue to increase, and slightly higher rates are recorded for each main subdivision of the registration group. For the year 1908 33,465 deaths from this disease were reported, as against 30,514 for 1907.

The enormous extent of the mortality of infants from diarrhoeal diseases may be inferred from the fact that the aggregate death rate from these diseases, more than four-fifths of which is due to deaths of infants under two years old, exceeds one per 1000 of the total population, and ranks them in the same class for general effect on the death rate as heart disease and pneumonia, diseases whose influence is felt upon all periods.

EXPOSED INDIANA FAKIR,

Professor From New York Museum Takes a Fruitless Journey.

Marion, Ind. — Professor Garnum Brown, an expert from the Museum of Natural History in New York, arrived in this city with paraphernalia necessary for excavating, preserving and shipping the skeletons of prehistoric animals, to find that the institution he represents has been the victim of misrepresentation.

For more than a year Frank Mart, a farmer, has been in communication with the museum regarding the sale of the skeletons of prehistoric animals which he said he had found on his land. Mart informed the institution last spring that he had found the skeleton of an animal, while excavating an open ditch, which had been pronounced to be that of a crocodile by a professor of an Indiana college. He said that he had exposed twenty-eight feet of the skeleton, but had not reached the end of it. Mart endeavored to sell the skeleton to the institution for a large sum of money.

Arrangements were finally made for Professor Brown to come after the skeleton. When he arrived Professor Brown found that Mart had sold his farm two weeks ago and had left this part of the country. Professor Brown made a trip to the farm in hopes of find the skeleton, but was unable to find even an open ditch on the place.

LACK OF WORK IN BRITAIN GROWS.

Steady Increase in Army of Unemployed is Causing Great Uneasiness.

Washington, D. C.—The army of unemployed in Great Britain has grown steadily, and now has reached proportions that are causing the Government great uneasiness. In a special report John L. Griffiths, United States Consul-General at London, gives extracts from a special statement just issued by the royal commission on the poor law and relief of distress.

The commission declares that during the fiscal year ended March 31 last the number of persons without work and seeking Government aid totalled thirty-one in every 1000 of population, while in the fiscal year preceding only fourteen per 1000 made application for assistance. The number of men who applied for relief in the last fiscal year constituted 4 1-10 per cent. of the workingmen of England and Wales, while during the previous year they constituted 2 1-10, and the year preceding that only 1 9-10 per cent.

The destitution and absence of work for the unemployed is general in practically all of the manufacturing cities and towns in the United Kingdom. A striking feature of the situation is that the men seeking work are for the most part in the very prime of life.

Plans are being considered whereby the employers and the workingmen may be brought closer together. The Government also is seeking to discover some means of cutting off the supply of unskilled and unintelligent labor by training boys to enter regular and permanent work.

Three Seats in Prussian Diet Cause Great Joy in Socialist Party.

Berlin.—Elections for four representatives of Berlin in the Prussian Diet were held, and resulted in the return of three Socialists, with one election still undecided.

Socialists were elected to the same seats at the last election, but their return was nullified on technical grounds.

The success of the candidates following similar victories in Coburg, Baden and Saxony, has caused jubilation among the Socialists everywhere.

Essence of the News.

The King of Italy offered a cup as a prize at the aviation meet at Brescia.

Mass meetings of protest against the putting to death of Francisco Ferrer were held all over Europe.

President Taft, in Salt Lake City, announced that Gifford Pinchot, the chief forester, would remain in the Government service.

Arthur G. Wright, of Lowell Centre, Mass., was arrested in Portland, Ore., while heavily armed and mingling in the throng near President Taft.

King to Publish a History of Numismatics, in Which He is Expert.

Rome, Italy. — The Tribuna announces that King Victor Emmanuel will publish a book shortly on the history of numismatics. It is written by himself.

The King has been a coin collector for years, and has already written a treatise on the subject, which was issued for private circulation among his friends.

The new book, which is to be richly illustrated, is the result of long study by the monarch.

Jottings About Sports.

There will be a cross-country race in November between the teams of Syracuse and Colgate.

Lozier No. 3 won the twenty-four hour automobile race at Brighton Beach, with a new record of 1196 miles.

James J. Jeffries said that he hoped "Jack" Johnson would cover a forfeit for a heavyweight championship fight.

H. B. Duryea, an American turfman, won two races in France, both with American horses, Ben Ban and Spectatress.

World's Fruit Basket.

Methods and Profits in Orchards of the Northwest.

Writing in Collier's on "The World's Fruit Basket," Richard Floyd Jones tells of the growth and romance of fruit farming in the West. Mr. Jones says that "though Marcus Whitman had driven his gospel wagon into Oregon at the time Fremont set out to blaze the continental trail that resulted in the conquest of California in 1846, the real acquisition of our Pacific Coast came when the Luelling brothers, with patriotic heroism, carried their apple trees in Oregon in 1847, and the Argonauts trailed their picks and pans over the continent's rocky spine in the memorable year of '49." The Luellings were sons of a Welsh Quaker planter and slaveholder in the Carolinas, who through force of conviction moved his family and negroes to Indiana, where he liberated his slaves and hired their labor for fixed wages. The sons became interested in fruit nurseries and drifted across the three "I" States, leaving orchards behind them in Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, finally reaching Oregon and the Willamette Valley. Mr. Jones continues:

The advocates of a separate Pacific republic, who were won over on grounds of national sentiment by Starr King and his lieutenants, were bound to the Eastern States by strong ribbons of steel in the early days of Grant's administration. And in 1883 the railroad to Portland went through, and soon followed the Northern Pacific to Tacoma. This opened the market. Before this time Florida was our orange State, and oranges were a luxury. California soon delivered an abundance, and oranges became a common, though not an inexpensive fruit. Before this time Michigan and Wisconsin were regarded as good apple States in the Central West, and Nova Scotia and New York apples were placed on the tables of the elite. The railroads soon put all these apples in the pie pan.

The world got a good taste of Pacific fruit. The departments of Agriculture and the Interior at Washington sent special agents West to be escorted by Mr. Smith over these wonderful budding fruit lands. Hood River became the University of the Apple, and to its dean Germany, France, Russia, Argentina, China and Japan sent special students to be tutored in the fine arts of apple growing. Eastern produce merchants sent buyers West. The Niagara orchardists were puzzled that a bushel box of apples, hauled more than 3000 miles, should bring a better price than a barrel of apples raised at home. The large, luxurious, costly crated cherries from the Dalles of the Columbia sold when the basket cherries of the East went to waste. The peaches and plums and grapes that came out of this wonderland induced many a Michigan and Delaware grower to correspond with land agents a continent's width away. And California gave us orange crops that were constant and abundant.

Of the chances for a poor man in Washington and Oregon Mr. Jones says:

Success here, as everywhere, depends upon the man, not upon his money. The man who rents land among the fruit fields is welcomed and assisted the first year, and perhaps the second. The third he is tolerated, the fourth ... es his credit fall, and the fifth count him as a failure. Good, unbroken fruit land can be purchased, according to location, from $50 to $100 an acre. This can be bought for half cash and half credit. If the man is poor he can clear it himself, and five acres ought, in the course of six years, to return him from $2000 to $3000 a year. If he can acquire ten acres, so much the better. From the first year he can do better than $200 an acre with strawberries and garden truck planted between his trees. If one has money enough to buy his land, pay for its clearing and planting, a little constant and intelligently directed work will accomplish great results. The superintendent of schools at Dayton, Wash... planted his savings in orchards until he had 100 acres in perfect, mature trees. He was not a horticulturist, but his supervision of this large orchard was his recreation. He now nets annually over $50,000. A Tacoma society woman indulged herself in a sixteen-acre orchard at Ellensburg. She soon found herself harvesting more than 7500 boxes of apples a year, which sell for about $17,000. There are many in the Yakima and Hood River valleys that do even better than this, but the average will not run as high. If an orchard is intelligently and skilfully handled it ought to yield from $700 to $900 an acre, and if the earning falls below an average of $400 to the acre there is probably something serious the matter.

The railroads that have brought San Francisco nearer to New York than Boston was to Philadelphia a century ago have been the cementing agents of our national life, says Mr. Jones. The economic and political issues of Providence and Pittsburg are those also of Seattle and Spokane. We are a homogenous people. The scenes along the Willamette in Oregon and the shadowy St. Joe in Idaho are strikingly like much of Wisconsin and Massachusetts, except that there are the great backgrounds of lofty pines and snow capped mountains that the East does not possess. So with the people. They cannot escape the impress of their environment. They are less cultivated than the East, but better educated. They have largeness of conception, boldness of action, lack of provincialism and a venturesome spirit. The writer adds:

The Pacific fruit growers are beginning to work collectively. Legislatures may make it a felony to ship a wormy apple across the State line—who in New York or London is going to prosecute? But the buyer of the worm doesn't go back to that kind of a box again. The reputation of a whole valley can be killed through the carelessness or trickery of one dishonest shipper. The Kentucky slogan, "United we stand, divided we fall," is becoming a commercial conviction in the West. An honest and attractive package is the best agent in any trade. It was this truth that inspired the fruit growers of Wenatchee, Missoula, the towns of the Yakima Valley, Hood River and others to organize their fruit growers into unions. The apples no longer went forth under the meaningless names of Ben Brown or John Jones, but with the guarantee of a great and wealthy valley. No grower was allowed to pack his own apples. The associations did it, and did it with conscientious care. "Find a bad apple and we'll give you the car," was their confident assertion. Eastern traders discovered that there was a valley standard. It was no longer necessary to send buyers West. They could order the standard products by wire. Ben Brown and John Jones discovered that the surest way to sell their fruits at the highest prices was to standardize and get the valley stamp on their box. But the union idea did not stop here. The associations set out to educate their members along the line of their occupation. The unions make liberal use of the telegraph wires, and so make a more intelligent distribution of wares than an individual could do. They set out to discover new markets. They married the orchardist to the horticultural schools of the State agricultural colleges and made of a trade a scientific profession. They taught caution and conservation. They showed that, though apple trees may live 150 years, and though their valley lands were richer than the Asiatic province of Shansi that has been farmed for forty centuries, the original orchards of the Luellings had gone into decay through carelessness and neglect even in the virgin richness of the bank of the Willamette. But the fruit growers' unions are doing most as a school of applied ethics. They erase jealousies and suspicion and establish a trust and appreciation of neighbors and a spirit of fraternalism and patriotism.

SHE MANICURES AND BEAUTIFIES TOWNS.

In the past few years the passion for the "town beautiful" has become a national ideal. City councils have taken up the work, philanthropists have contributed fortunes, and civic associations have put their shoulders to the wheel. That everyone knows; but what scarcely anyone knows is that the movement began in the brain of a quiet, unassuming woman in Springfield, Ohio, says Hampton's Magazine.

Miss Jessie M. Good was an assistant in the Springfield library, and had been for sixteen years. One day, in an interval of her work, she happened to pick up a magazine and read therein of how the village of Stockbridge, Mass., in order to attract summer tourists, had formed a local improvement society to clean the town. That was her inspiration, as narrated with a wealth of interesting detail in Hampton's. Clean the town! Why should not all towns be clean? Why were dusty streets, littered sidewalks, disfiguring vacant lots, treeless highways and unsightly back yards necessary? Why should not every town have parks and public gardens?

Miss Good told her plan to the editor of a floriculture magazine published in Springfield, and wrote an article about it for him. The idea spread, letters came in shoals, and Miss Good and Mr. D. J. Thomas, the editor, calling a convention of those interested, formed the American League of Civic Improvement. That was in July, 1901. A year later, at a meeting in Buffalo, N. Y., the American Park and Outdoor Art Association merged with the league under the title of the American Civic Association, which now embraces every State in the Union.

Miss Good, who was born in Johnstown, Pa., is still a resident of Springfield, where she has built up a large business in the sale of plants, seeds and flowers.

A Ventriloquist.

Probably every one has seen a time when he wished he could administer rebuke impersonally. The Springfield Republican pictures an occasion when it was done.

The "grouchy" individual came from behind his paper and glared savagely at the woman with the crying baby. "Why can't you keep that brat quiet?" he snarled. "What's the matter with it, anyway?"

There was a dead silence in the car, and then a pitilessly distinct voice from nowhere in particular replied: "He thinks your face is the moon, and he's crying for it."

The surly one looked about with a deathly stare. Every one was quaking with mirth, but preserved a solemn countenance except the man who was smiling out of the window at the other end of the car.

"There are advantages in being a ventriloquist," he murmured softly to himself.

That's All He Forgot.

The cab containing the absent-minded man and his family drew up in front of the Grand Central Depot. There emerged the absent-minded man, his wife, three children, a bird cage, a dog on a leash, and innumerable bundles and parcels. The absent-minded man paid the driver, gathered up the bundles, dropped them and pressed his hand dramatically to his fevered brow.

"There!" he exclaimed. "I just knew I had forgotten something."

His wife carefully counted the children, saw that the dog and the bird cage were intact, and took an inventory of the bundles.

"We seem to be all here," she remarked. "I am sure we have everything. What do you think it is you have forgotten?"

"Why, bless my soul!" cried the absent-minded man. "Now that we are here I've forgotten where we intended going!"—New York Times.

According to a Government report, 2,600,000 cattle die every year in this country from disease, exposure and neglect.